Lakeland College
Proudly presents

Catherine Pycock

Mezzo Soprano
Accompanied by Dimiter Terziev
Sunday, January 7, 2001
2:30 p.m.
Black Box Theatre
Thursday, January 11, 2001
8:00 p.m.
Convocation Hall, University of Alberta

Programme

1. **"Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen" – 4 songs**
   Songs of a Wayfarer by Gustav Mahler
2. **"Adieux de l'hôtesse Arabe"**
   by Georges Bizet
3. **"La Coccinelle"**
   by Georges Bizet
4. **"Vissi d'Arte**
   by Giacoma Puccini from the opera *"Tosca"*
5. **O mio babbino caro**
   by Giacoma Puccini from the opera *"Gianni Schicchi"*

Intermission

1. **Brettl Lieder – 7 songs**
   by Arnold Schoenberg
2. **So in Love**
   by Cole Porter
3. **Love is like a Cigarette**
   by Walter Kent
4. **I'll be Seeing You**
   by Sammy Fain

Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen – Songs of a Wayfarer
By Gustav Mahler

Program Notes

In 1884, while working in Kassel as an assistant Kapellmeister, 24 –year-old Gustav Mahler dedicated a number of poems he had written to the singer Johanna Richter. He chose four to set as his **Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen** . They were an artistic reaction to his unhappy love affair with Johanna Richter. She broke off their relationship in December of 1884. Mahler wrote to a friend on New Year's Day 1885, "The songs are conceived as though a wayfarer, who has undergone a certain experience, is now going out into the world and aimlessly wandering along." The texts were not modelled on lyrical poetry, but were more characteristic of 'natural' poetry. With its variety, abrupt changes of mood, strong emotion, irony and bitter humour, it particularly appealed to Mahler's musical creativity. In the first song, the narrator weeps in his room because his beloved is getting married; in the second he walks through dewy fields while birds gaily sing to him of the beauty of the world; in the third he describes a knife in his heart and in the final song he rests under a linden tree to seek oblivion from the pain of the world.

Translations

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht
When my sweetheart gets married

When my sweetheart gets married; has a happy wedding, I will have a very sad day. I go into my dark little room, weeping for my sweetheart. Little blue flower, do not fade! Little sweet bird, you sing in the green heath! Oh, how beautiful is the world! Tweet! Tweet! Do not sing! Do not bloom! Spring has certainly gone! All the singing is now over! In the evening when I go to sleep, I think of my sorrow!

Ging heut' morgen übers Feld
Going through the fields this morning

This morning I went through the fields; dew still hung on the grasses, there a gay finch said to me. "Hey you there, how goes it? Good morning! Will it not be a beautiful world? Zink! Zink! Beautiful and brisk! How I do like the world!" Also the bluebell by the field has rung gaily and sprightly with its little bells; Kling! Kling! ringing out its morning greeting, "Will it not be a beautiful world? A beautiful thing! How I do like the world! Heigh-ho!" And there, right away, the world began in the sunshine to sparkle; everything gained sound and colour in the sunshine! Flower and bird, large and small! Good day! Is it not a beautiful world? Hey you! Isn't it? A beautiful world!

Ich hab' ein glühend Messer
I have a gleaming knife

I have a burning knife in my breast! Oh woe! Alas! It cuts so deep into every happiness and every joy, so deep! It cuts so painfully and deeply! Oh, what an evil guest this is! It never gives you peace; it never lets you rest! Not by day, nor by night when I sleep! Oh woe is me! When I look up into the sky, I see two blue eyes up yonder! Alas! When I start from my dream and hear her silver laughter ringing, Oh woe! I wish that I lay on the black bier and could nevermore open my eyes!

Die zwei blauen Augen
The two blue eyes

The two blue eyes of my sweetheart have sent me out into the world. Then I had to part from my beloved place! Oh, blue eyes, why did you gaze upon me? Now I am forever in sorrow and pain! I have gone out in the still night over the dark heath; nobody bade me farewell.. My comrade was love and sorrow! By the road stands a linden tree and there for the first time I rested in sleep under the linden tree! It snowed its blossoms over me. Then I did not know how life can hurt! Everything was well again! Everything! Love and sorrow, and world and dream!

Mélodies *Françaises* by Georges Bizet

Program Notes

The French *melodie* grew out of the 18th century *romance* or ballad; a simple type of song, often pastoral in flavour, with regular stanzas and a repeated tune. By the time of Georges Bizet, it had firmly established itself as a medium for leading composers. Victor Hugo, a leading poet, was a favourite chosen by composers to set to music. Bizet's setting of Victor Hugo's *Adieux de l'hotesse arabe (1886)* is an intriguing blend of persistent rhythm and interesting harmonies and the music perfectly conveys an Arabic flavour. It is probably the composer's best-known song. The other Victor Hugo setting is *La Coccinelle (1868)*. It describes a moment encapsulated in the life of a young man; one that will forever stand out with regret!

Adieux de l'hôtesse arabe – Farewell of the Arab Hostess

Since nothing will stop you in the happy land; neither the shade of the palm trees, nor the yellow corn; neither rest, nor abundance, nor the sight, at your voice, of the young beating hearts of our sisters who, at night, in a whirling swarm crown the hillside with their dance. Farewell handsome traveller! Alas, farewell! If only you were one of those whose lazy feet are bound by their roof of branches or canvas! Who, idly dreaming, listen unmoved to tales, and at eventide, sitting before their door, wish to be off and away among the stars. Alas, farewell, handsome traveler!
If you had wished, one of us would have liked to serve you on bended knee in our ever-open huts, while lulling your sleep with her songs. She would have made a fan of green leaves to swish away the bothersome flies from your forehead. If you do not come back, dream a little from time to time of the daughters of the desert, the sweet voiced sisters who dance barefoot on the sand dunes. Oh handsome white man, fine bird of passage, remember! For perhaps your memory remains with more than one Alas, farewell, handsome stranger!

La Coccinelle – The Ladybug

She said to me, "Something is irritating me..." and I noticed her snow white neck...and on it...a little pink insect. I should have...yes...but wise or foolish, at sixteen one is crazy! I should have...oh! Yes I should have seen the kiss on her mouth rather than the insect on her neck!...You'd have said it was a shell, pink back and spotted with black! The warbler birds, in order to see us, leaned forward in the foliage...Her fresh mouth was there. Alas! I leaned over the beauty...and I took the ladybug...I took the ladybug but...the kiss flew away! "Son, learn what my name is," said the insect from the blue sky..."Animals are the good Lord's, but stupidity is man's", said the insect from the blue sky...Alas, I should have...yes! Alas!...I should have....

Brettl Lieder – Cabaret Songs
By Arnold Schoenberg

1. Galathea (Frank Wedekind)

Ah, I'm burning with desire, Galathea, lovely girl, to kiss your cheeks because they are so alluring. How I long for your caresses, Galathea, beautiful child; just to kiss your hair because it's so inviting. Forever 'til my life's end, Galathea, beautiful child, I want to kiss your hands because they're so alluring. Ah, you can't see how I burn, Galathea, beautiful child, to kiss your knees because they're so alluring. And what I wouldn't do, my sweet, Galathea, beautiful child, to kiss your feet because they're so alluring. But your mouth, darling maiden, my kisses will never see, for the fullness of their charm can be kissed only in fantasy!

2. Gigerlette (Otto Julius Bierbaum)

Fraulein Gigerlette invited me to tea. Her attire was white as the snow. Just like Pierette she was all decked out. Even a monk, I'd bet, seeing Gigerlette, would desire her. The room was red as wine where she welcomed me. Amber candlelight burned in the room. And she was as ever, Life and Spirit! I'll never forget it, never. Wine-red was the room; blossom-white was she. And in a coach with four span horses, we rode off, we two, to a land called Highest Bliss. So that we'd not be losing Goal and Course and Lane, sitting as our coachman was Love who held the reins!

3. Der genugsame Liebhaber (Hugo Salus)
The Contented Suitor

My girlfriend has a black cat with soft rustling fur, but I have a bald head; a shiny smooth bald head. My girlfriend belongs to those types of ladies of leisure. She sits on the divan day in and day out, stroking the cat's fur. My God, she's always stroking the cat's fur! And when I visit my friend in the evening, the cat is always sitting by her, nibbling on the honey cake she eats and shuddering when I stroke its fur. And when I want attention from my sweetie, so that she will say "kitchie-poo" to me, I put the cat on top of my bald head. Then she pets the cat, and laughs!.....

4. Einfaltiges Lied-Simple Song (Hugo Salus)

A king went out for a walk, like any common man , without a scepter and without a crown, just like any plain man, humbly born. Then a very strong wind arose; quite an ordinary wind arose, and without having knowledge of who it was, attacked the king quite vehemently! It tore away his hat from off his head and threw it over the roof and away it went and he never saw it again! See there, you have it! I told you so too! Always pranks and hullabaloo! One can't let a king without a crown like a plain man; like any man, go strolling out among the stupid commoners!

5. Mahnung-Warning (Gustav Hochstetter)

Maiden, be less vain, more sly. Do not catch a butterfly. Search for a true, perfect man, who knows how to kiss and can, and whose strong hands can build for you a cozy nest. Maiden, maiden, don't be stupid, walking around in dream. Keep your eyes open for one who comes along; a man who'll make a perfect match, and when he does then don't think twice! Trap him quickly! Dear maiden, do be wise and make the most of your blossoming prime. Please watch

Brettl Lieder – Cabaret Songs
By Arnold Schoenberg

Program Notes

When one thinks of the word "cabaret", one is often reminded of the Berlin of the 1920's; the music of Kurt Weill and the words of Bertolt Brecht, with its erotic nuances and political statements. About forty years previously though, another form of cabaret began, which evolved rapidly into a highly specialized musical genre. This art form flourished in Europe for about fifty years, from the opening, in 1881, of the famous "Chat Noir" in Paris, to the 1930's when political crises silenced freedom of thought and expression which had particularly characterized the 'cabaret'. At the turn of the 19th century, a German form of 'cabaret' called *Brettl* came into fashion. (*Brettl* is the German diminutive of the word *Brett,* meaning 'board'.) It probably means 'the boards' which would refer to the floors in the theatres where the cabaret was performed. Before he developed the 12-tone system and, to an extent, atonal music, Schoenberg was briefly involved in the cabaret movement about 1900 and wrote some very interesting songs in the cabaret style. In 1901, he wrote seven songs for soprano and piano, which were virtually unknown and not even published until 1970, twenty years after his death.

Several generalizations can be made about these songs. They have a distinct 'cabaret' style, in that they have a lot of rubato and chromaticism, are quite declamatory at times with the text being of paramount importance, and with the accompaniment fully supporting the text. At the time he wrote his *Brettl-Lieder,* his economic position was almost desperate. His most important source of income was his orchestration of operettas. It is estimated that he copied some six thousand pages of music. He would have been intimately acquainted with light Viennese music, although like any native of Vienna, he had been surrounded by it since childhood. His *Brettl-Lieder* could not help but be influenced somewhat by this operetta style. Schoenberg composed his *Brettl-Lieder* without any idea of aiming to please, since most of them were never performed.

These songs were meant to be performed by women wearing tuxedos, as they are expressing manly sentiments – rather tongue-in-cheek!

Brettl Lieder

1. Galathea
2. Gigerlette
3. Der genugsame Liebhaber (there is an umlaut over the 'u')
4. Einfaltiges Lied (there is an umlaut over the 'a')
5. Mahnung
6. Jedem das Seine
7. Arie aus dem Spiegel von Arkadien

Brettl Lieder – Cabaret Songs
By Arnold Schoenberg

out and think of it; that you, without a plan will flutter through life aimlessly and could end up an **"Old Maid!"** Dear maiden, do be wise and think of it!

6. Jedem das Seine-To Each His Own (Colly)

Flat and long the training field; Kasper in the middle halted, unyielding high upon his horse. The king and troops crowd around him, not to mention spectators and the regiments sound boom, boom, boom. They marched on without delay . The air was filled with sunlight and helmets and bayonets sparkled, gleaming and shining. In the shade, headquarters was sheltered. Bravo! Hurrah! Jokes and wit; opera glasses; sparkling eyes. There was surprise back and forth. Next to me, whom do I feel? Charming, though not at all refined, yet enchanting, chic? Inquiring looks may come our way, but secretly one feels quite giddy and the hips, now quite at ease join in the music's rhythm. Kasper takes what's up ahead and the troops rightly follow, protecting both you and us. But now my beloved sweetie, let us hastily retreat behind the fort to a discreet place far from the madding crowd. There we'll stretch out for awhile; just me and my companion. Far off the drums go "trara". What joy to be a soldier! What joy NOT to be a soldier! No crying. We'll lie, alone together. We'll……et cetera……..

7. Arie aus dem Spiegel von Arkadien
Aria from "The Mirror of Arkady"
(Emanuel Schikaneder)

Since I have seen sweet womankind, my heart beats so warmly. It hums and buzzes to and fro, just like a swarm of bees. And if her flame is like mine, her eyes beautiful and clear, my heart beats like a hammer striking; always pounding, Boom, boom, boom…….. I'd wish a thousand women for me if it would please the gods. I'd dance around like a marmot, up, down and all around! That would be a life of the world. How happy it would make me! I'd hop along like a hare through the field and my heart would be skipping along too. Boom, boom, boom,…… The man who doesn't truly know women, is neither cold nor warm; and lies around like a block of ice in some maiden's arms. But I am quite another sort of man. I jump around the room, my heart pounds close to hers and beats: Boom, boom, boom……

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